Perrenial Heat

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Perrenial Heat

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Summary

After meeting Will through the crisis line, Hannibal tracks him down and personally intervenes in his suicide attempt.

Notes

Uh, this didn't really need a sequel. But some of ya'll wanted it...so here it is?

The overpowering scent trail leads Hannibal through the nicest parts of the city, past the working class neighborhoods and straight into downtown, where the street names are rubbed from the signs. The setting sun has brought out creatures of the night: beggars and bats, boys who drink past the bar's close. Hannibal stops in front of a tiny dead end street congested with parked cars and tipped over trash bins. The pheromones force him to take a step back, a musk so thick with fear his eyes water. He locates Will in the suffocating alleyway two stories up, sneakers dangling over the fire escape.

He's lucky Hannibal's unwavering, hidden pursuit has been enough to keep other alphas at bay: smaller, weaker men with no self-restraint. Hannibal steps over an oil slick puddle in the broken asphalt and ascends the unsteady metal stairs one at a time, peering through the grate at Will twisting in a poorly tied noose. Although Hannibal has been more or less tailing him since their initial phone conversation, sometimes the young man still manages to surprise him.

Hannibal soon arrives at the second floor landing where Will is hanging, tips of his beat up sneakers swaying over the floor of the fire escape. The house attached to it blown out and boarded up. The steps lead to nowhere else but here.

Will jerks at the sound of his footsteps, and Hannibal sees his eyes bulge, guilty and glazed with tears. His blunt fingernails scrabble across the sloppy loop around his throat but it doesn't budge. The artery there bulges when he tries to suck in a shallow breath.

"I've come all this way for you, and here you are, trying to leave without me."

Will kicks his feet, shaking the stairs and nearly scraping the metal grate with the toe of his shoe. His lips form words that die in his throat, fingers spasming from the lack of circulation. Hannibal watches him struggle, shaking his head like a disapproving father.

"Do you know who I am?"

He snaps his head from left to right, face changing colors. Hannibal smiles and takes a step forward before placing his hands on Will's trembling hips. At the very least, Will must know he's an alpha. He tries to squirm away, but he's held in place by a hand around his throat. There's a part of Hannibal that wants to tear through it, but he resists.

"Will I have to keep you tied up at home to keep you from hurting yourself?"

Hannibal noses along his neck, nudging where the rope is looped, digging into Will's tender flesh and leaving an angry red necklace behind on his skin. The sweet scent of Will's heat inflates his nostrils, barreling through his blood, bombarding his instincts. He's been waiting for this moment since he heard Will's voice on the other end of the phone line.

He wrenches himself away and pulls a small knife from his pocket. Hormones flood the air when Will registers the weapon, doubling down in an effort to pacify the enemy and protect himself. Until now, Hannibal has been immune to the scent of an omega, an impenetrable wall unfettered by their attempts to mollify typical alpha behavior.

“If you ask nicely, I’ll only cut the rope.”

The pulse in Will’s throat quickens when he cracks open his eyes, veins swelling under the delicate skin. His eyebrows knit together as he meets Hannibal’s gaze, fighting for consciousness. The urge to hurt grinds to a halt. For the first time, the desire to kill is baited, stomped out and smothered under a miasma of musk, switched out for something stronger.

Will nods over and over, frantic and dying. His lips are trembling as he tries to bring them together to force out sound. There isn’t enough oxygen reaching his brain.

“Please.”

His voice cracks halfway through, fading into a whisper that only Hannibal can hear. The mounting sense of urgency is finally affecting Hannibal too, Will’s terror soaked through his skin, screaming at him to move. Will flinches when Hannibal strikes the rope with the knife, lowering it just enough for Will to stand.

Hannibal yanks on the noose like a leash and holds it high in the air so Will has to rise back to the tips of his toes in order to keep breathing. He whimpers when Hannibal presses into him from behind, bending him over the fire escape and forcing the railing into his full bladder. For all intents and purposes, he’s being gentle.

“Hold onto the rope, or I will.”

He drops what’s left of it into Will’s shaking hands without waiting for a response. The rope is the only anchor he has left. Hannibal grinds into him, the hard outline of his cock leaving a scorching mark through the layers of clothes. The combination of fear and the constant pressure is starting to make Will squirm.

“Please,” he begs. The request slices through Hannibal’s watertight demeanor like a knife through butter. “You’re crushing...my bladder.”

“Not housebroken, either?”

Hannibal rolls his hips despite the instinct to coddle him, crushing Will against the cold, unforgiving metal. He can feel the moment Will’s bladder is pushed past its limits. Will sobs at the realization he can’t hold it, that he’s wetting himself like an untrained dog. His knees buckle and he teeters over the ledge before Hannibal yanks him back by the collar of his shirt.

“So much bad behavior.”

“Bad?” Will makes a sound that guts him, a punch that sucks the air from his lungs and leaves him thunderstruck. “Have I been -?”

“You ought to know.” Hannibal squeezes his ass hard. When Will tries to look over his shoulder he grabs him by the back of the head and snaps his hips. “You’ve forgotten all about me.”

Will groans, panting as sweat beads on his forehead. His hair is oily, stuck to his temples in damp curls. Will spreads his feet as urine trickles from the bottom of his pantleg. His eyes are screwed shut and his shoulders are shaking. There's a couple of betas holding hands in the distance, but otherwise the street is completely deserted, warded off by the screen of pheromones.

"Hannibal," he says at last. "You're from - from the crisis line."

Hannibal softens a bit at the memory, the naive way Will hung on his every word. He can picture Will beneath the creaky box spring, dodging cobwebs as he jerks himself off to the sound of Hannibal's voice. This time Hannibal will have all of him.

"Good boy."

There's already an erection beginning from the praise, warm with blood, trapped in Will's soaked trousers. Still fisting the rope with both hands, Will sneaks a glance over his shoulder, long eyelashes glistening with tears. He stares up at Hannibal, chewing his lip.

"If I let you put it in me will you - "

"If you let me?" A deep rumble echoes in Hannibal's chest when he laughs. "You're going to thank me when I finally cram my cock inside you."

Will shudders, eyes wide and wet. He turns back to face the street below, curling around the railing like a spooked snake, twisting his feet anxiously in his sneakers. Hannibal paws at the fabric trapping his sensitive cock, tracing the outline with his long fingers.

"Pull down your pants," Hannibal commands.

Will obeys immediately, slipping over the belt buckle in a rush to free his cock. Before he can shimmy the sopping underwear down to his ankles, Hannibal stops him, leaving the stained y-fronts digging into the meat of his thighs. Hannibal holds Will in his palm, eyes on the giggling beta couple passing below.

"Afraid they'll see you behaving like the animal you are?" Hannibal licks the juncture where his neck meets his shoulder. "Rather than treading across your remains on the pavement?" When Will doesn't speak, Hannibal squeezes him harder. "I asked you a question, Will."

"Yes," he squeaks, bucking his hips, swallowed by the intensity of his heat. "I'm sorry."

Hannibal presses his palm to Will's feverish skin, stroking his cock from the base to the leaking tip. It jumps at his touch, drawing his balls up close. The cheeks of his ass are clenched tightly together, anticipating orgasm. Hannibal slows before Will tips over the edge.

"What are you sorry for, Will?"

"For - for - " Will shudders, hands faltering around the rope. "For trying to kill myself."

The streetlight closest to them flashes and then flickers out, cloaking them in near total darkness. Hannibal continues to jerk him off as the couple exits the alley, entirely oblivious.

Hannibal's body has begun to respond now, too. He presses it against Will, sandwiching him between the railing and his erection. Will grinds against it, eager despite his inexperience.

"I need more," Will confesses.

This is his second heat, but he's remained untouched. Hannibal made sure. In his spare time, Hannibal read an article in a scientific journal about the correlation between an unstable home life during adolescence and delayed heats. A late bloomer in the first place, it's no wonder it's hitting him so hard.

"Show me where."

At last, Will drops the rope to reach behind his back, palms sliding down to spread himself for Hannibal. His knees are rattling as he tips precariously over the fire escape. Hannibal steadies him with one hand and rubs his thumb over the pinched star between his cheeks.

"What would you like me to do it?"

"Fuck it," Will breathes. "Please."

"Grab your cock."

Will reaches between his legs to grasp himself, face flushed. Hannibal strokes the cleft between his cheeks with his thumb, pushing at it just lightly enough that the tip never sinks inside. The muscle tightens in anticipation each time Hannibal's digit crosses over it. Will strokes his cock at a bruising pace, secreting another wave of pheromones that makes Hannibal dizzy.

"Please, can I -" Will gasps. "I want your knot."

Hannibal digs his thumb into Will's slick hole, sinking in to the last knuckle while Will clamps down around it. He pushes the digit in and out before slapping Will's hands away and spreading Will himself, two thumbs hooked inside the tight ring muscle. Hannibal is becoming light headed, drunk with power.

"You can barely take a finger, you think you deserve my cock?"

Will bobs his head, backing up on his fingers for more friction. Hannibal pulls out and nudges the head of his cock at the little target Will is offering. It twitches when Hannibal rubs it with the leaking tip of his dick.

"I can take it," Will insists. "Please." The heat has completely taken over. At this point he'll say anything to increase his chances of conceiving. "I can take it."

"I look forward to seeing you try."

Hannibal brings Will to orgasm without entering him, rope raised high enough to choke him, feet teetering over the edge. The muscles in Will's body seize as his knees give out. His wrist jerks to a stop as he loses air, cock spitting thick ropes of cum onto the pavement below the fire escape. Hannibal holds him up with one arm secured around his middle.

“I’ll break you in when the time is right, not because you’re begging for it.”

The streetlight beside them flickers back on and Will’s features are illuminated by an artificial orange glow. His lips part as his head lolls to the side, exposing his neck. Hannibal curls around Will, clutching him close and lowering his mouth to the fluttery pulse in his throat. His canines graze the delicate skin and Will jerks in his grip.

The night is young, and there are so many things left for Hannibal to do to him.

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